X MEN

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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT

X-MEN

TM

IN THE MUTANT HEROES' HOUR OF MAXIMUM PERIL...

ENTER: *THE PHOENIX!*

COCKRUM

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS--feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

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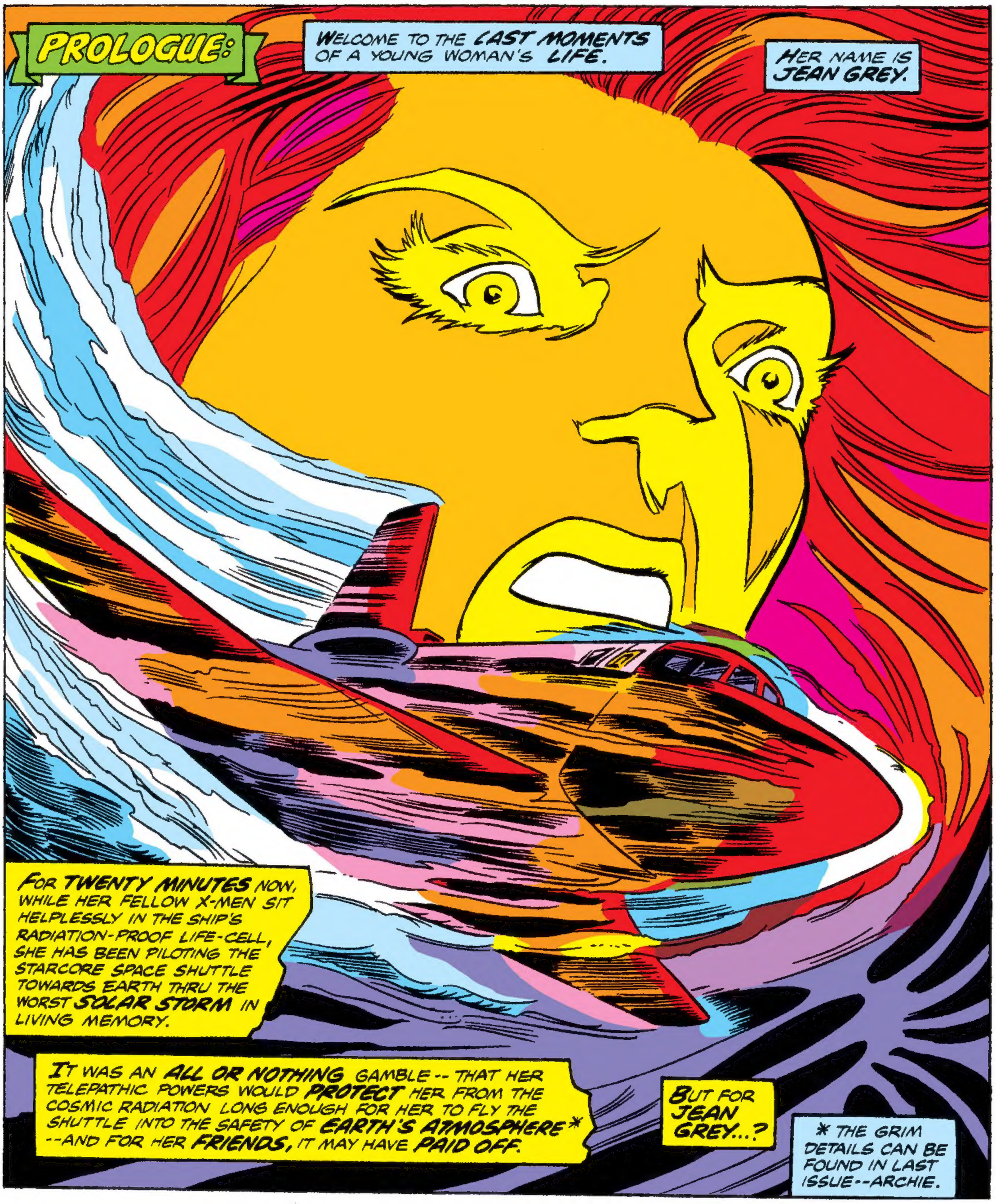
PROLOGUE:
WELCOME TO THE LAST MOMENTS OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S LIFE.
HER NAME IS JEAN GREY.
FOR TWENTY MINUTES NOW, WHILE HER FELLOW X-MEN SIT HELPLESSLY IN THE SHIP'S RADIATION-PROOF LIFE-CELL, SHE HAS BEEN PILOTING THE STARCORE SPACE SHUTTLE TOWARDS EARTH THRU THE WORST SOLAR STORM IN LIVING MEMORY.
IT WAS AN ALL OR NOTHING GAMBLE -- THAT HER TELEPATHIC POWERS WOULD PROTECT HER FROM THE COSMIC RADIATION LONG ENOUGH FOR HER TO FLY THE SHUTTLE INTO THE SAFETY OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE* --AND FOR HER FRIENDS, IT MAY HAVE PAID OFF.
BUT FOR JEAN GREY...?
* THE GRIM DETAILS CAN BE FOUND IN LAST ISSUE--ARCHIE.

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THE BLIP DROPPED ONTO THE DEEP PARK RADAR FROM OUT OF **NOWHERE**, TWO HUNDRED MILES DOWN RANGE AND HEADING FOR **KENNEDY AIRPORT** AT BETTER THAN **FIFTEEN HUNDRED KNOTS**...

AN ALERT **AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER** SLAPPED HIS PANIC BUTTON, IMMEDIATELY **CLEARING** ALL TRAFFIC FROM THE UNKNOWN'S **FLIGHT PATH**...

...WHILE HE TRIED IN **VAIN** TO CONTACT IT.

THERE WAS **NO TIME** TO GET READY--ONE MINUTE THE BOGIE WAS ON THE **OUTER EDGE** OF THE RADAR PLOT, THE **NEXT**, IT WAS SCREAMING **LOW** OVER LONG BEACH AND **CEDARHURST**...

...IN A **DESPERATE** ATTEMPT TO LAND BEFORE COMING APART IN **MIDAIR**.

NOT THAT IT MADE MUCH **DIFFERENCE** IN THE END.

KARAM!

THE X-MEN HADN'T EXPECTED TO **MAKE IT** THIS FAR. WHEN THE SOLAR STORM HIT AND THE **RADIATION SENSORS** WENT OFF THEIR SCALES, ALL OF THEM **KNEW** THAT JEAN GREY WAS AS GOOD AS **DEAD**--AND SO WERE **THEY**...

...BUT THEN, THEY WERE IN THE ATMOSPHERE, THE SHIP OBVIOUSLY UNDER **HUMAN CONTROL**. THEY BEGAN TO THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE A **CHANCE** AFTER ALL.

UNTIL THE **CANDING**...

SCREEEEEEE

LIKE A PHOENIX, FROM THE ASHES!

IT'S OVER QUICKLY NOW, THE SHUTTLE SCATTERING WRECKAGE AND BURNING FUEL ACROSS THE HEART OF KENNEDY'S RUNWAY COMPLEX AS IT SLAMS THROUGH THE LAST CRASH BARRIER...

SBANG!

...AND ARCS OUT OVER JAMAICA BAY.

TO LAND ONCE...

...TWICE...

...THRICE...

THOD!

FTHOD!

FTHLOOM!

...AND THEN STARCORE EAGLE ONE IS...

S S S S S

...GONE.

WITH ONLY A SPREADING OIL SLICK TO MARK ITS PASSING...

HERE, PERHAPS, OUR STORY SHOULD END...

...EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT X-MEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN NOTORIOUSLY HARD TO KILL...

MADE IT!!

CYCLOPS! I WAS THE LAST ONE OUT!

THEN WE ARE ALL SAFE.

ALL EXCEPT THE LADY WHO GOT US DOWN.

AND I'M GOING BACK FOR HER RIGHT NOW!

CYCLOPS, ARE YOU MAD?!

YOU CANNOT SAVE JEAN NOW! THE RADIA-TION--! THE CRASH--!!

YOU STOPPED ME ONCE BEFORE, NIGHTCRAWLER! GET IN MY WAY THIS TIME AND I'LL KILL YOU!

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CYCLOPS! ALL OF YOU! LOOK!

SOMETHING HAPPENING TO THE WATER!

RIGHT OVER WHERE THE SHUTTLE SANK!

BUT... WHAT?

WHAT INDEED, CYCLOPS...

...AS THE SCUMMY, GARBAGE-STREWN WATER GLOWS WITH IRIDESCENT, RAINBOW FIRE...

...AND THEN EXPLODES!

HEAR ME, X-MEN!

NO LONGER AM I THE WOMAN YOU KNEW!

I AM FIRE! AND LIFE INCARNATE! NOW AND FOREVER--

--I AM PHOENIX!

I--
I...

MY MIND-- BURNING-- SO MANY MEMORIES... SENSATIONS-- PAIN! INSIDE... TEARING ME APART!

WHAT'S... HAPPENING TO ME? WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

SCOTT!!

JEAN!

TAKE IT EASY, HON! I'VE GOT YOU.

YOU'RE SAFE NOW, JEAN. THE FLIGHT'S OVER, WE'RE ALL BACK ON EARTH AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

BUT SHE'S LYING SO STILL... BARELY BREATHING... ALMOST NO PULSE!

STOP THINKING LIKE THAT, MISTER. SHE'LL PULL THROUGH. SHE'S GOT TO!

CYCLOPS, HER COSTUME..?

I KNOW, COLOSSUS. THERE ARE MORE QUESTIONS HERE THAN WE CAN HANDLE RIGHT NOW-- JEAN'S CREATING A COSTUME OUT OF NOTHING, USING POWERS SHE NEVER HAD BEFORE...

...THE VERY FACT THAT SHE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT SHE IS STILL ALIVE.

I'LL SETTLE FOR THAT.

FOR THE MOMENT, STUDENTS, LET US NOT COMPOUND OUR PROBLEMS...

AS GOOD AS DONE, HERR PROFESSOR, COURTESY OF MY IMAGE-INDUCER.

I, TOO, SHALL CHANGE!

PERHAPS THE FEWER COSTUMED SUPER-BEINGS PRESENT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, THE BETTER.

A SIMPLE ENOUGH MATTER TO USE MY POWERS TO RE-POLARIZE THE UNSTABLED MOLECULES OF MY COSTUME INTO A STARCORE UNIFORM.

OR ANY CLOTHES YOU WISH.

THAT'S A NEAT TRICK, STORM-- BUT I'M AFRAID DISGUISES AREN'T GOING TO HELP US MUCH.

AFTER ALL, ISN'T THIS THE SECOND TIME THE X-MEN HAVE MADE A MESS OF KENNEDY AIRPORT?*

UNFORTUNATELY, DR. CORBEAU, IT IS.

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD DO ANY GOOD IF WE SAID WE WERE SORRY?

*THE FIRST WAS IN X-MEN #97. --A.G.

NIGHTCRAWLER'S QUESTION GOES UNANSWERED AS THE CROWDS AND CONFUSION GROW, NO ONE NOTICES AS THE EIGHT MUTANTS SLIP AWAY FROM THE CRASH SITE.

THANKS TO PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SUBTLY-USED MENTAL POWERS.

NO ONE REMEMBERS THEM BEING THERE.

DAILY BUGLE

JFK MYSTERY DEEPENS

STARCORE CHIEF: "NO COMMENT"

LEAVING PETER CORBEAU THE SHUTTLE'S "SOLE SURVIVOR"... AND THE X-MEN FREE TO LIVE THEIR OWN LIVES ONCE MORE.

WITNESS THE MUTANT KNOWN ONLY AS WOLVERINE.

FLOWERS ARE A DOLLAR A BUNCH, LIKE THE SIGN SAYS.

YOU BUYIN' 'EM FOR A SICK FRIEND?

THAT ANY O' YOUR BUSINESS, BUB?

HERE'S YOUR BUCK. I'LL TAKE THE FLOWERS.

MEDICA

MAN, YOU GOTTA BE CRAZY, YOU KNOW THAT?

ACTIN' LIKE A SCHOOL-KID STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS -- AN' FOR SOME BROAD!

WHAT'S JEAN GREY TO YOU ANYWAY?

SOMEONE I LIKE, AN' WANT.

AN' WHAT WOLVERINE WANTS -- HE GETS.

NOT THIS TIME, BUB.

AIN'T NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE, THOUGH, ALL HOT-AN'-BOTHERED OVER A FRAIL.

AIN'T NEVER CARED ABOUT ANYBODY. I ALWAYS LIKED BEIN' A LONER.

WHAT THE HEY, I'LL SURPRISE HER WITH THESE FLOWERS, MAYBE GET TO TALKIN'...

WHAT THE--?!

WE TOLD YOU SO, WOLVERINE.

BECAUSE YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT JEAN'S FRIENDS WOULD STAY AS CLOSE TO HER AS POSSIBLE UNTIL THEY KNEW HER FATE.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE NEVER HAD ANY FRIENDS.

LIFE AND DEATH, IT'S ALL THE **SAME** TO YOU. AS MEANINGLESS--AS **CASUALLY DISPOSED OF**--AS A BUNCH OF **FLOWERS.**

THE DOCTORS HAE BEEN WI' JEAN SUCH A **LONG TIME,** CHARLES. ARE YOU SURE THERE'S **NOTHING** YOU CAN DO?

P'RAPS USING YOUR **TELEPATHIC POWERS...?**

I ONLY WISH I **COULD,** MOIRA. BUT I **CAN'T.**

EVERYTIME I TRY TO **USE** THEM TO ANY GREAT EXTENT, MY MIND IS **SAVAGED** BY MY CURSED **DREAM!**

EVEN A **LITTLE** THING--LIKE THE **MASS-HYPNOSIS** I USED TO GET THE **X-MEN AWAY** FROM KENNEDY AIRPORT--

--VERY **NEARLY** BROUGHT ON ANOTHER **SEIZURE.**

NO, MOIRA. I **CANNOT** HELP THIS GIRL I ONCE THOUGHT I **LOVED** AS MUCH AS YOU.

I CANNOT EVEN HELP **MYSELF.**

AND SO, THE HOURS **DRAG,** DAY MOVING INTO NIGHT AND INTO **DAY** AGAIN, WITH NO NEW WORD ON JEAN'S CONDITION. THEY KNEW SHE WAS ALIVE, BUT THAT WAS **ALL.**

AH, MOIRA, IT'LL BE OVER **SOON,** I'M THINKIN'. I CAN **FEEL** IT.

POOR SCOTT.

HE'S SUCH A **MAN OF ACTION**--THIS ENDLESS **WAITING** MUST BE A LIVING **HELL** FOR HIM.

*IF YOU ONLY **KNEW,** KURT WAGNER...*

ALL THOSE **WASTED** YEARS...WHEN I **LOVED** JEAN AND SHE LOVED **ME** AND NEITHER OF US HAD THE **SENSE** TO TELL THE **OTHER...**

AND NOW, IF SHE **DIES,** IT'LL HAVE ALL BEEN FOR **NOTHING.**

I MEAN, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE **LIGHT** GOES OUT OF YOUR **LIFE?**

WHEN JEAN MOVED DOWN TO THE **CITY** TO BUILD A LIFE FOR HERSELF **OUTSIDE** THE X-MEN, I LET HER **GO...**

...BECAUSE I THOUGHT... THAT THE **X-MEN** WERE WHAT GAVE MY LIFE **MEANING.**

BUT THEY'RE NOT. IT'S... **JEAN...**

IT'S **ALWAYS** BEEN JEAN, ONLY I **NEVER REALIZED** IT 'TIL NOW...

IT'S NOT **LIKE** YOU TO ARGUE WITH **REALITY,** CORBEAU--OR TO **DENY** THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR **OWN EYES.**

HUH?!?

...WHEN I'M ABOUT TO LOSE HER **FOREVER.**

FACE IT, MY FRIEND, AS *SHERLOCK HOLMES* OFTEN SAID: "ONCE YOU'VE *ELIMINATED* THE IMPOSSIBLE, WHATEVER *REMAINS*--HOWEVER IMPROBABLE--MUST BE THE *TRUTH.*"

DR. CORBEAU--*DR. MCKAY--!*

HOW... IS SHE?!

IT'S GOING TO BE *TOUCH-AND-GO* FOR AWHILE, MR. SUMMERS, BUT WITH *REST,* PROPER CARE, *FRIENDS* TO LOOK AFTER HER--

--DR. CORBEAU AND I THINK MISS GREY IS GOING TO BE *JUST FINE.*

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES. PUT SIMPLY, THE X-MEN GO WILD!

RATHER, MOST OF THEM GO WILD... ONE GOES OFF BY HIMSELF...

I SAW *SCOTT* SLIP AWAY WHEN WE ALL STARTED *CHEERING...*

THE *GOOD NEWS* ROCKED HIM *PRETTY HARD*--WHICH ISN'T *SURPRISING* THE WAY THE STRAIN OF THE LAST FEW DAYS HAS BEEN *EATING* AT HIM.

I HOPE HE'S--*OH!*

I *UNDERSTAND,* MY FRIEND.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN *EVERYONE* NEEDS TO BE *LEFT ALONE.*

JEAN.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE *ALL RIGHT!*

OH, *JEAN*--THANK GOD.

THANK... *GOD.*

SCOTT IS IN THE NEXT ROOM, PROFESSOR--

--HE WILL BE *ALONG* IN A MOMENT.

NO MATTER, KURT. I DON'T NEED SCOTT TO SAY WHAT I *HAVE* TO SAY.

BUT I CAN ONLY *SAY* IT IF THE *REST* OF YOU DO ME THE COURTESY OF *QUIETING DOWN.*

NO NEED T' *SNAP*, CHARLES.

I'M SORRY, SEAN--THE *PRESSURES* OF THE LAST WEEKS ARE BEGINNING TO *TELL* ON ME, TOO...

WHICH IS *PART* OF THE REASON I'M SENDING YOU FIVE X-MEN ON AN *ENFORCED VACATION*...

SNIKT!

STICK IT IN YER *EAR*, BUB--

--'CAUSE *NONE* OF US ARE GOIN' *ANYWHERE* 'TIL JEANNIE'S *BETTER!*

CONTROL YOURSELF, WOLVERINE -- AND FOR *ONCE* IN YOUR LIFE, *LISTEN* AND *THINK.*

YOU HEARD THE *DOCTOR.* JEAN'S RECOVERY *DEPENDS* ON THE CARE AND *ATTEN-TION* SHE RECEIVES...

...CARE THAT *SCOTT* AND *I* ARE PREPARED TO *GIVE HER.*

UNFORTUNATELY, WE CAN'T LOOK AFTER *JEAN* AND RUN THE X-MEN AT THE *SAME TIME.* THEREFORE, A BRIEF --AND *WELL-EARNED*-- HOLIDAY IS IN ORDER.

WHATEVER HAPPENS, I *WON'T* HAVE YOU STAYING AROUND THE *HOSPITAL*--

--YOU'LL JUST GET *IN THE WAY.*

SNAKT!

I'M NOT SURE I *AGREE* WIT' WHAT YE'RE SAYIN', CHARLES--BUT YE'RE THE *BOSS.*

AN' IF YE'RE STILL *UNDECIDED* ABOUT WHERE T' *SEND* US, I THINK *I* CAN FILL THAT BILL.

IT SEEMS, SO MY LAWYER, *MR. FLAHERTY,* WRITES ME--THAT I'VE INHERITED THE CASSIDY *ANCES-TRAL HOME.*

LET ME SEE.

IT'S IN A *REMOTE* PART O' COUNTY MAYO, OUT ON THE *ATLANTC COAST*-- FEW CONVENIENCES, *FEWER PEOPLE.*

ALL IN ALL, A MOST *EXCEL-LENT* SUGGES-TION...

THANK YOU, SEAN. YOU'LL ALL *LEAVE* AS SOON AS ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE *MADE*--

--AND I HOPE YOU HAVE A *GOOD TIME.*

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NOBODY ECHOES XAVIER'S SENTIMENT-- NOT IN THE HOSPITAL, AND NOT AT THE X-MEN'S **WESTCHESTER MANSION HEAD-QUARTERS,** WHERE THEY DISCOVER THAT **ALL** HAVE AMERICAN IDENTITIES AND **AMERICAN PASSPORTS,** AUTHENTIC, AND-- SO THE **PROFESSOR** TELLS THEM--**QUITE IN ORDER.**

BUT THEIR MOOD BEGINS TO **CHANGE** ONCE THEY'VE FLOWN INTO **DUBLIN,** TO SPEND A WEEK **SIGHT-SEEING** AND WINDING DOWN IN IRELAND'S **CAPITAL** BEFORE HEADING WEST TOWARDS **COUNTY MAYO.**

INDEED, BY THE TIME THEY DETRAIN IN **BALINA** AND SWITCH TO A **HIRED CAR** FOR THE LAST LEG OF THEIR **JOURNEY...**

MXY421

...SOME OF THE X-MEN ARE ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO **ENJOY THEMSELVES.**

SOME OF THEM, HOWEVER, ARE MERELY GETTING ...**SORE.**

HEY, **IRISH!** WHAT'S WITH THE **BUMPS?!**

MXY421

DIDN'T YOU EVER LEARN TO **DRIVE,** F'R CRYIN' OUT LOUD!?!

NOW DON'T BE GETTIN' YERSELF INTO AN **UPROAR,** MIDGET. THAT'S HOW WE BUILD OUR **ROADS** OUT HERE, WITH **CHARACTER.**

IF SO, THEN YOU SHOULD BUILD YOUR **AUTOMOBILES** TO MATCH. SAY, WITH **SPRINGS** AND **SOFTER SEATS?**

I WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER TO **FLY.**

AYE, IT'S A **BEAUTI-FUL** DAY FER IT--

--BUT CHARLES **DID** TELL US **NOT** TO DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES **REMEMBER?**

THE **PROFESSOR** IS NOT RIDING IN THIS FOUR-WHEELED **TORTURE CHAMBER,** COMRADE SEAN.

IS THAT A **JOKE,** YE'RE CRACKIN', PETER RASPUTIN? WILL **WONDERS** NEVER CEASE?

YER TORMENT'S ALMOST **OVER,** THOUGH--BECAUSE, MY FRIENDS--

--WE HAVE **ARRIVED.**

CASSIDY KEEP.. FIRST BUILT BY LIAM CASSIDY OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO TO DEFEND THIS STRETCH OF COASTLINE FROM VIKING RAIDERS...

...REBUILT A SCORE OF TIMES OVER THE CENTURIES AS IT STOOD AGAINST EVERY INVADER WHO TRIED TO CONQUER IT--EVER PROUD, EVER DEFIANT--ITS TALL, FORBIDDING WALLS STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF A HUNDRED SIEGES.

BUT IN ALL THE CASTLE'S GLORIOUS HISTORY, THOSE WALLS HAD NEVER FALLEN TO FORCE OF ARMS.

UNGLAUBLICH!

BANSHEE, THIS IS INCREDIBLE! AND YOU SAY YOU GREW UP HERE?!

THAT I DID, KURT WAGNER.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN MARVELOUS.

AH, WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SWITCH TO MY HUMAN GUISE.

OH, I DUNNO, BUB. PLACE LIKE THIS, I FIGGER YOU'LL FIT RIGHT IN THE WAY YOU ARE.

AS WE SAID, CASSIDY KEEP HAS NEVER FALLEN TO FORCE OF ARMS...

...BUT TREACHERY-- NOW THAT'S SOME-THING ELSE AGAIN.

HOW DO WE GET IN?

SIMPLE. I RING THE DOOR BELL...

...AN' WE WAIT FOR MR. O'DONNELL T' LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE.

SO, COUSIN, YOU'VE COME AFTER ALL. AND BROUGHT FRIENDS WITH YOU, IT SEEMS.

FIVE FLIES, WINGING THEIR WAYS INTO BLACK TOM'S WEB-- NEVER TO ESCAPE ALIVE.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, EAMON O'DONNELL. ESCORT THEM IN, MAKE THEM COMFORTABLE...

...BUT GIVE THEM NO INKLING THAT ANY-THING'S AMISS.

NO, TOM CASSIDY. I'LL NOT DO THAT. I'VE DONE EVIL THINGS IN YER SERVICE...

...BUT I'LL NO PARTY T' THE MURDER O' INNO-CENT PEOPLE!

DEFY ME, WILL YOU?!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE LIVES I HOLD IN THE PALM OF MY HAND? THE LIVES OF THOSE YOU HOLD DEAR--

--HELD HOSTAGE FOR YOUR GOOD BEHAV-IOR!

AND YOU DARE DEFY ME!?!

BLAK!

YOU'LL BE PARTY TO WHATEVER I TELL YOU, LITTLE MAN...

...OR YOU'LL WATCH THOSE WHO LOVE AND TRUST YOU DIE IN AGONY!

IS MY MEANING CLEAR, EAMON O'DONNELL?

AYE, CURSE YER BUTCHER'S HEART--

--IT'S CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

YOU'RE A FOOL TO TRUST HIM.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MY FRIEND.

AS LONG AS THE FAMILIES ARE IN MY POWER, HE'LL DO WHAT-EVER I COMMAND.

"HE'LL EVEN BETRAY A MAN HE LOVES LIKE HIS OWN SON."

HOW CAN ANYTHING LIVE HERE, GROW HERE--

--THIS PLACE IS NOTHING BUT COLD, DEAD STONE.

PRESSING IN ON ME... CAGING ME...

NOT TO ME, IT ISN'T ORORO. MY BOYHOOD HERE WAS THE HAPPIEST TIME OF ME LIFE...

YOUNG SEAN CASSIDY FOUGHT MORE DRAGONS AN' RESCUED MORE DAMSELS IN DISTRESS--

LORD CASSIDY--IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR, IT'S TIME ALL OF YE WERE GETTIN' SETTLED.

LEAD ON, EAMON.

EAMON O'DONNELL HERE IS THE CASTLE'S SENES-CHAL-- THE STEWARD O' THE HOUSE. IF YE NEED ANYTHING, JUST ASK HIM.

BY THE WAY, OLD FRIEND, HOW'RE THE FAMILIES? THE LITTLE ONES?

THEY ARE... WELL, MILORD.

THIS IS YER ROOM, MISS ORORO-- I TRUST IT'S SATISFACTORY.

IT SEEMS ALL RIGHT.

VERY WELL. DINNER WILL BE SERVED PROMPTLY AT EIGHT. THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.

AH, BANSHEE, YOU'RE SO HAPPY TO BE HOME...

...WHILE I WILL ONLY BE HAPPY THE DAY I LEAVE THIS CASTLE FOREVER.

JEAN WOULD SAY CASSIDY KEEP HAS "BAD VIBES" FOR ME...

...AND IT DOES. BUT I WILL NOT BE RULED BY MY FEARS. I MUST FORCE MYSELF TO RELAX...

AND I KNOW PRE-CISELY HOW TO DO IT.

FOR WHEN THE GODDESS OF THE STORM WISHES TO REFRESH HERSELF AND CALM HER NERVES...

...HOW BETTER THAN BY SUMMON-ING HER OWN SUMMER SHOWER?

GODS, HOW I NEEDED THIS.

IF I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN ALMOST IMAGINE MYSELF BACK IN KENYA.

BUT THIS ISN'T KENYA, IT'S IRELAND...

...AND THERE'S A FOR-MAL DINNER PLANNED FOR EIGHT.

ORORO'S JUST PREPARING TO LEAVE, WHEN...

BEHOLD, FAIR DAMSEL-- THE FURRY FELON!

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

BAMF

I'VE COME TO ESCORT YOU TO DINNER.

AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD COLOSSUS HAVE ALL THE FUN?

WHY, INDEED? ARE YOU GOING DRESSED LIKE THAT?

AH, BUT YOU FORGET MY HANDY-DANDY IMAGE INDUCER.

WITH IT, I CAN GO AS WHOM-EVER I WISH...

"FRANKLY, SCARLET"... CAN I HAVE THE FIRST DANCE? NO?

KLIK

SO HOW'S ABOUT A FAST FLIGHT DOWN TO RIO, THEN, SWEETS?

KLIK

AFTER ALL, I CAN RIO THEM IN WITH THE BEST OF 'EM-- KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

KLIK

THEN AGAIN, THERE'S ALWAYS THE USUAL...

KLIK

WELL, NOW THAT YOUR SHOW IS OVER, KURT, IT'S MY TURN FOR A QUICK CHANGE.

HOW DO I LOOK?

ER...AH... WELL, I... I...

WOW.

I'VE NEVER WORN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.

TELL ME, KURT--AM I...PRETTY?

ORORO, YOU ARE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IT HAS EVER BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW.

IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN THANK YOU...

...I THINK.

IT'S ALMOST TIME FER DINNER--I'D BEST BE GETTIN' A MOVE ON.

IF I COULD ONLY SHAKE THIS FEELIN' THAT SOMETHIN'S WRONG.

NOTHIN' LOOKS OUT OF PLACE, AND YET...

...THERE'S THE WAY EAMON FROZE UP WHEN I MENTIONED THE FAMILIES.

I'D BEST TAKE HIM ASIDE AT DINNER...

...GET HIM TO LEVEL WIT' ME.

HEY, WHAT GIVES, IRISH? THE OLD MAN SAID THIS WAS A FORMAL SHEBANG--

--SO WHAT'S WITH YOU COMIN' TO THE TABLE LOOKIN' LIKE A STABLE HAND?

IT'S LIKE THIS, SHORT-STUFF--

WATCH THE MOUTH, BUB.

RIGHT. AN' ME NAME'S SEAN, NOT IRISH.

BACK OFF, PETER--TONIGHT, ORORO IS MY DATE.

I AM NO ONE'S "DATE", KURT, I ENJOY BEING WITH BOTH OF YOU.

ANYWAY, SINCE I HAPPEN T'BE LORD O' THIS MANOR, I GET T' COME T' DINNER DRESSED HOWEVER I PLEASE.

WHICH MEANS THAT THE THREE OF US WILL GO INTO DINNER TOGETHER, AS EQUALS. AGREED?

SUCH A GENTLE, BANTERING INTERLUDE--TOO BAD IT HAS TO END.

HANNIGAN'S BOG--THE FLOOR!!

IT'S A TRAP DOOR!

WE'RE BEING PULLED DOWN!

INTO COSTUME--ALL O' YE'S!

OH, WELL, IT WAS A NICE VACATION WHILE IT LASTED.

WHY, DEAR COUSIN SEAN, HOW *NICE* OF YOU TO-- SHALL WE SAY--*DROP IN?*

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T *GUESSED*, MY MUSCULAR FRIEND AND I ARE THE *VILLAINS* OF THE PIECE. I AM *BLACK TOM CASSIDY.*

AND *I*, STUDENTS OF *CHARLES XAVIER*, MY DEARLY-HATED *STEP BROTHER*-- OH, YES, WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, *X-MEN!*--

I AM THE... JUGGER-NAUT!

AND *TOGETHER*, WE TWO ARE GOING TO DO WHAT *NO OTHER* VILLAINS IN THE HISTORY OF THE *WORLD* HAVE BEEN ABLE TO *DO.*

WE'RE GOING TO KILL THE X-MEN!

IS THAT MEANT T' *SCARE* US, TOM? D'YE PLAN T' *TALK* US T' DEATH, THEN?

BLUSTER AWAY, COUSIN; IT'LL DO YOU *NO GOOD.* YOU'RE IN THE *DUNGEONS* NOW, DEEP INSIDE *CASSIDY CRAG*, WITH COUNTLESS *TONS* OF ROCK BETWEEN YOU AND FREEDOM. YOU'VE *NO CHANCE*, BANSHEE--THIS PLACE WILL BE YOUR *TOMB!*

NHNOOOOO

MEIN GOTT --THAT SCREAM!?!

TOMB...

...CLOSED IN... ROCK ALL AROUND ME--*NO WAY OUT!* ROCK BURYING ME... *CRUSHING* ME...

...CAN'T BREATHE... CAN'T THINK... *MOTHER! HELP ME!*

IT'S *STORM*--

--SHE'S *FLIPPED OUT!*

NEXT ISSUE: WHO SHALL STOP THE JUGGERNAUT?